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WHOLE NO. 1583.

It Wasn't Heart Disease.

"Let him pass, now," said Low; "that will come later on," he added, unconsciously repeating her thought in a tone that made her heart sick. "But tell me, Teresa, why did you go to Extell me, Teresa, why did you go to Ex-celsior?" She buried her head still deeper, as if to hide it. He felt her broken heart of a depth of feeling her rival had never awakened in him. The possibility of Teress loving him had never occurred to his simple nature. He bent his head and kissed her. She was frightened.

"Peace," "Nay, say not so, Hortense. I know and kissed her. She was frightened, and unloosed her clinging arms: but he retained her hand, and said, "We will leave this accursed place, and yon shall go with me as you said you would; nor need you leave me, unless you wish it." She could hear the beating of her own heart through his words; she longed to look at the eyes and lips that had told her this and read the meaning his factors. A strong arms to battle for sheart 2 and the meaning his factors. The why do you conjure up such factors. A strong arms to battle for "Yes, darling, so strong."

"Oh. I know not. But come, let us

voice alone could not entirely convey. For the first time she felt the loss of her sight. She did not know that it was, in this moment of happiness, the last blessing vouchsafed to her miserable life. A few moments of silence followed, blessing her the didnet means the set of the set o

They had been seated on the sofa, and even as they had conversed her head had rested on his shoulder, and eye spoke to eve and lip to lip. Oh, that they had remained there.

Oh, that they had remained there. See, they rise. His arm is placed firmly around her supple waist, her hand is held lightly in his, and together they float around the room, the very

gers to a chair. gers to a chair. There she sits with pale, pinched lips and a look of agony on her face, while her young head is bent over till it nearly

ouches her lap. "Oh, Hortense, what means this? Are you ill?" "Ask me not, Alexis, but, oh, go now.

Do not wait a moment, but go. Leave me, oh leave me quickly." But a moment he hesitated and then

bending over her, showered kisses on the pure young brow, and left, knowing full well that she l ved him too well to drive him from her side without cause. And out in the night he stood and pondered. An anxious look was in his eyes, and his pale, smooth brow, bared to the moonlight, was wrinkled with lines of deep thought. "Can it be heart disease ?" muttered

he. "Must I even now bid my fond heart to drive out her image and be prepared to give her up? Oh, God, why is

this misery sent to prove the sent of the wasn't certain whether it was the nice

clean skirts she had borrowed from her sister to wear that night or one of her own skirts that didn't even have any rick-rack around the bottom and had been worn ever since the dusty day that Barnum's show was here.--Evansville

## An Auctioncer's Wit.

"I have the recollection of John Keese "-wrote the late Evert A. Duvo

kinck-"as the wittiest book-auct riding high, picked out in black and silver the shrunken and silent column of his day in New York, and it may be of those roofless vaults, shorn of base and capital. It flickered on the still, said of any day, for there is no tradition of any predecessor of such powers, and he certainly left no successor in this overflowing pool of the hidden spring

How very old the old Scotch judges are to us ! They seem as old as the Biblo, to have belonged to another world than ours. The cold pages of history recite facts as damuing as their bitterest ene-mise could desire. We rub our eyes and unwillingly ask, "Did they hold the offices, and accept the public pay, as do the present judges ? Were they not judges in name and knaves in reality ?" These fantastic and eccentric beings were composed of very stern stuff, of undoubt-These fantastic and eccentric beings were composed of very stern stuff, of undoubt-ed fiesh and blood. They have left a habitation and a name. The modern Tory fox-hunter is not even proud of them. Their heavy drinking bouts and savage humors would now delight the pugilist fanciers or the prize-ring follow-ers. You have only to walk down Edin-burgh's high housed High street, descend its steep and narrow gullies of wynds and closes, to step into their fooisteps. South history peers us in the face. Quaint designs and heraldic devices, figures and coats of arms, Soriptural texts, motions and proverbs, are deciph-erable on the doorways and gables gaunt. Time-worn ballads, laughing anecdotes, and sunny memories are here intermixed. Civilization has not yet reached these

THE AULD KERKYARD

In the said arrysto; They hear nas kindrid wee In the suid kirkysoid. The sire with silver hair, The mother's heart of care, The young, the gay, the fai Crowd the said kirkyard

The heart's and beatings cease In the audi kirkyard; And aliens rest in peace In the audi kirkyard. Where obbed dark floods of skrift Dove like hope, wi promise rife. Plants the broken branch o' life In the audi kirkyard.

Old Scotch Judges.

on has not yet reached these

Civilization has not yet reached these holes and corners, and many are the win-dows in the high and narrow wynds that the suns rays never brighten. It is a world of contrasts, a black-and-white picture. In these tumble-down houses, with stairs out side, and stairs, circular and det unseine form det.

with stairs out side, and stairs, circular and dark, running from dungeons to turrets like outlooks of a tower, with wooden panelings and box-like anbdivi-ded rooms, peaked and ornamented, lived, not so long ago, the nobles and judges of the land, the flower and bloom of Scotch ladies. Now they are the huddling-places of tattered nondescrips, shivering children, and loud voiced Irish. Where the beautiful Duchess of Gordon lived now skip some alattern virageos. What now skip some slattern viragees. What was an Earltown mansion is now a ragged house for ragged "travellers," a Duke's is now a tier of shoddy work-shops, and where a Marquia dwalt a knot of wheezing cordwainers cobble. All

romance and postry that are truly Scotch

romance and postry that are truly Scotch belong to the past. At the Union national pages of romance abruptly ended. Only artists and lovers of the picturesque, of motley groups, dingy hues, and salleying crews, haunt, with pencil and aketch-book, these wynds and closes bearing the old judges' names. What visibly remain of the judges are their oil postraits, aged with years and dulled by dust and the sun, hung on the Parliamest House walls, their marble

marble

Parliament House walls, their

ousts or statues on the oak floors, their maroire coats of arms stained in the windows. And there are the decayed taverns, honeycombed in the Old Town, which they frequented, where stone and wood and lime are narrative of hoary antiquity. In the causewayed square, formerly the churchyard, behind St. Giles-and from

its surroundings the Cathedral is appro-priately named after the pairon of beggars —lies Knox, with his initials and date of death, "J. K. 1572. in brass letters on a plate above his resting place, and every day litigants, lawyers, and witnesses hurry heedless over the great man's peaceless grave. Here it is, in the Scotch Westminster, that Addison's noble

words leap into our thoughts. They comfort a greedy heart. They are the most beautiful burial service for the dead. A pittance is needed to erect a small railing around the great reformer's grave, while, eleven yards off, an equestrian railing around the great reformer's grave, while, eleven yards off, an equestrian statue is erected to Charles II., whom Scotland holds in abhorrence. One may fairly sak: Is it beyond the bounds of marketility that probability that a monument may yet be proceed to her early judges, who barte red justice and dishonored their trust?— Fraser's Magazine.

Witty Savings.

the same sculls.'

A mediocre writer, employed on the

broken only by the distant rumor of the conflagration and crashing of falling are not frightened ?" She

boughs. "It may be an hour yet," he whispered, "before the fire has swept a path for us to the road below. We are safe here, unless some sudden current should draw the fire down upon us. You pressed his hand; she was thinking of the pale face of Dunn, lying in the secure retreat she

of Dunn, lying in the secure retreat she had purchased for him at such a sacri-fice. Yet the possibility of danger to him now for a moment marred her prefice. Yet the possibility of danger to him now for a moment marred her pre-sent happiness and security. "You think the fire will not go north of where you found me ?" she asked softly.

"I think not," he said, "but I will econnoitre. Stay where you are." They pressed hands and parted. He

leaped upon the slanting trunk and as cended it rapidly. She waited in mut

There was a sudden movement of the root on which she sat, a deafening crash, and she was thrown forward or

resistless momentum a broad opening t With a cry to Low, Teresa staggered to her feet. There was an interval of

through the opening, a thousand luminous points around her burst into fire, and in an instant she was lost in a whirlwind of smoke and flame. From the outset of its fury to its culmination twenty minutes did not elapse; but in

Argus.

the night a pall of smoke hung above the scene of desolation. It lifted only toward the morning, when the moon

The vast bulk of the leaning tree, dis lodged from its aerial support by gradual sapping of the spring a oots, or by the crumbling of the bar from the heat, had slipped, made a half revolution, and falling, overbore the lesser trees in its path, and tore in its hideous silence, but no reply. She call-ed again. There was a sudden deepen-

who, with a rootlet of the fallen tree holding him down like an arm across his The "peculiar vein" mentioned was The "peculiar vein" mentioned was an illuminating wit that played electrically upon every subject it touched, flashed light into nooks and corners, invested dull commonplaces "'Yes," replies the wit, "but not with breast, seemed to be sleeping peacefully

with a hue of glory, and turned unmean-

price of a stew."

book, he ventured the parody:

"Blest is the man who shuns the place Where other auticlus bo, And has his money in his fat, And buys his books of mel<sup>a</sup>

Jim-Our mother Eve. John-No! not Mother Eve; impos-

Jim--Yes, Father Adam's wife. John--Whereabouts, and what for ? Jim--Yeu see her and Adam went in-

Au Fait in Everything.

omen.'

gence in society.' 'Does he dance ?"

als, music, etc? 'Of course,"

" Is he intelligent ?"

ing or ambiguous title pages into sudden and felicitous revelations. Add to this a wide knowledge of books and authors, Another inferior artist is esting soup at the Garrick Club. He praises it to Jer-rold, and tells him it was calf-tail soup. Contemportaneous history touched him as briefly, but not as gently. "It is no definitely ascertained," said the Slum-and felicitous revelations. Add to this a wide knowledge of books and authors, a wide knowledge of books and authors, a wide knowledge of books and authors, a vide knowledge of books and authors, a briefly ascertained," said the Slum-his fate in the Carquincz Woods in the coption of every vantage-ground, and, above all, a colority in retort that was man having received information of the concession of the prosection of the surprising—and you had an intellectual concession. "Aye," says Jerrold ; "extremes meet These are strong specimens, but take surprising—and you had an intellectual equipment rarely found in the possession milder ones; still the aggressive character s there.

Selling a black-letter volume "Con-cerning the Apparel of Ministers," he supposed it referred probably to their surplus ornaments; and he assured his audience that the poems of the Rev. Mr. Logan were the "Banks and Braes o" Bonnie Doon-at all events the brays." "How could you be so unfeeling?" Mr. Burke when he heard of it.

"Unfeeling, sir !" says the other. "Why, I went to him directly and poured oil into him contents." "There was no quarter at the battle of Waterloo, my dear sir," he said to a bidder of wenty. Sive cents for a narra-tive of that conflict. "Really, this is too into his wounds." "Oil of vitriol," says the statesman.

Of course I need not say that a thousand examples of the kind are to be found in literature

tive of that conflict. "Really, this is too much pork for a shilling," was his pathetic remark at the sacrifice of a copy of Bacon's essays for twelve and a-half cents, "Going-going-gentlemon-ten cents for Caroline Fry---why, it isn't the A young lady walking in her garden with Sydney Smith, pointed out to him an everlasting pes, reported to blossom beautifully, 'but,' she said, 'we have beautifully, 'but,' she said, 'we have never been able to bring it to perfection." "Then," said the kindly wit, "let me bring Perfection to the pea," and so led

her by the hand to a closer inspection of the flower. Coulon, a famous mimic of Louis XV's

price of a stew." "Give the gentleman his book," he said, when the impatient buyer of Watt's hymns disturbed the sale by clamoring for delivery---"he wishes to learn and sing one of the hymns before he goes to bed to night," and on knock-ing down another copy of the honored book he are the market. time, took off the king as well as his sub-jects. The king heard of it, and insisted on seeing the imitation. He was not offended at it, and gave Coulin a fine diamond pin, Coulin looks at the pin, and says: "Coming to me this ought to be paste; but coming from Your Majesty, it is naturally a diamond." Is the ele-A volume by the Rev. Dr. Hawks was A volume by the Rev. Dr. Hawks was accompanied by the quist observation: "A bird of pray, gentlemen." Ho knocked down Dagley's "Death's Do-ings" for seventy-five cents "to a decayed apothecary," with the conso-latory comment of "smallest fevers gratefully received," and introduced a volume of impossible verse with, "This is a book (glancing at the biographical sketch) by a poor and pious girl-who ment of wit extinguished here by the good-nature? I trow not.

Frederick the Great disbelieved in phy sicians, and said that invalids die oftener of their remedies than of their maladies ; and, as the lancet, was rife in his day, probably he was not very far wrong. However, he fell sick, and the weakness However, he fell sick, and the wearness of his body. I suppose, affected his mind, so he sent for a physician, Dr. Zimmer-mann, but at sight of him his theory re-vived, and his habitual good manners led him to say to Zimmermann, by way of greeting. "Now, doctor, I'll be bound to have you have sent many an honest follow

greeting. "Now, doctor, I'll be bound to say you have sent many an honest fellow underground." Zimmermann replied, without hesitation, "Not so many as your Majesty, --nor with so much credit A naughty Western paper is supposed to have written the following : Jim-John, who was the first person to myself.

He bowed to her across the table at the Grand Hotel at Brighton, amirkod, washed his hands in invisible soap and water, and said—'Oxcuse me, I dink I half med you at Scarborough dis summer -my name ish Moses.' 'I cannot recall your face,' she answered airily, 'but your name is quite familiar.'

to a ssloom in Chicago to get a drink, and old Adam got to feeling pretty good and he asked: "Eve, may I idss you?" and Eve said: "I don't care Adam, if you do!" and then the patrel waggon took them both off. It was when railways were a novelty a number of fishermen at sea, being caught in a storm, had to seek shelter in a neigh-bouring port. Some of them went home by train to make known their safety. by train to make known their satety. While eagerly discussing the convenience and speed of the new conveyance one of them remarked...' What a fine splutter the engine would mak' if she were struck by a head sea.' "What kind of a man is he ?" asked a gentleman about a young society man. "Oh, he's mighty popular with the

by a head sea.' 'Now, Johnny,' said a venerable lady to her six-year-old nephew, who was persistently denying an offence of which she accused him, 'I know you are not telling the truth; I see it in your sys.' Pulling down the lid of the organ that had so nearly botrayed him want of vera-city, Jhonny exultingly replied—'Y you can't tell anything about it, sunt; that eye was always a little streaked.' "No, not particularly. You see there's not much demand for intelli-You see, "Of course." "Knows what's going on in theatri-"Au fait in overything, I presume." "Well, I don't know whether he owes Fay or not, but I know he owes about

Patrick has great power of enjoyment, after all, and always laughs at the right time. One day he saw a bull sttack a man, and he had to hold on to his aiden with both hands, the scene was so funy. After a little the animal turned his attenevery man of my acquaintance. Who is Fay? I'll look him up and see if he doesn't owe him too. I'll bet he does." Merchant Traveller. -Queen Isabella, who has spent much her time and all her money in Paris, Patrick, after exploring the heights, came of her time and all her money in Paris, is furious with the reception given to her son, with whom she is now on exof her time and all her money in Paris, is furious with the reception given to her son, with whom she is now on ex-cellent terms. She is about to dispose of her hotel in the Parc Monceau, and shake the dust of Paris off her feet, a proceeding which all would regret ex-cept her husband, who would thus be spared the formality of leaving his card once a year at her ex-Majesty's resi-dence. Ismail Pasha is said to have lishment. Love makes labour light.